

ON FOOT THROUGH SWITZERLAND

By CARL SCHURZ VROOMAN
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HOSPICE IN THE ENGADINE

IN SWITZERLAND the way to get about the country, if one has the time and energy, is not by means of its railways, nor of its splendid system of diligences, nor yet by automobile, but simply and joyfully on foot, for, in order to see Switzerland aright, one must use his feet as well as his eyes. One summer which we devoted to doing Switzerland, or rather a part of it, in this primitive fashion, I still recall with a keen sense of exhilaration and delight.

Early one morning about the middle of June, with heavy hob-nailed boots on our feet, stout walking sticks in our hands and knapsacks on our backs, we set forth to walk from Thusis over the Julier pass into the Engadine. Toward noon we snatched an hour's nap at a wayside inn, after lunching on brook trout fresh from the water and vegetables fresh from the earth. We stopped for the night in a little mountain village where the charge at the hotel for breakfast and a large corner room with polished hard-wood floor, hand-woven and hand-embroidered linen sheets and three daintily curtained windows framing magnificent panoramas of snow mountains and cascades, amounted to 48 cents each! The picturesque little proprietress apologetically explained that the extras which we had so recklessly incurred in the way of eggs and jam for breakfast were responsible for the swollen proportions of the bill.

It seemed like flying in the face of Providence to hurry away at once, so, yielding to the protest of our tired feet and the combined charms of the place, the proprietress and the prices, we stopped another day in this little patch of paradise and started off next morning refreshed in body and soul, for our three days' trip by easy stages down into the valley of the Engadine.

Making our headquarters in St. Moritz, we walked all over this enchanting region, seeing it in its most glorious season, the month of flowers, when the fields are shot with every color of the rainbow and Alpine roses run riot over all the hills, while starry gentians make their part of the earth as blue as the sky and pansies and buttercups in the valley spread a cloth of pure gold for one's feet.

From St. Moritz we set out for a week's walking trip to Andermatt through one of the least tourist-spotted regions of Switzerland, stopping en route at little chalet hotels, where we ate, drank and slept with all the joy and some of the power of the virile, voracious races of primitive man. At the top of the Oberalp pass the proprietor of the hotel welcomed us as Noah might have welcomed the dove that returned to the ark with the first sign of dry land. Thus far, the poor man told us, his season had been so superlatively bad that his family had been obliged to eat meat!

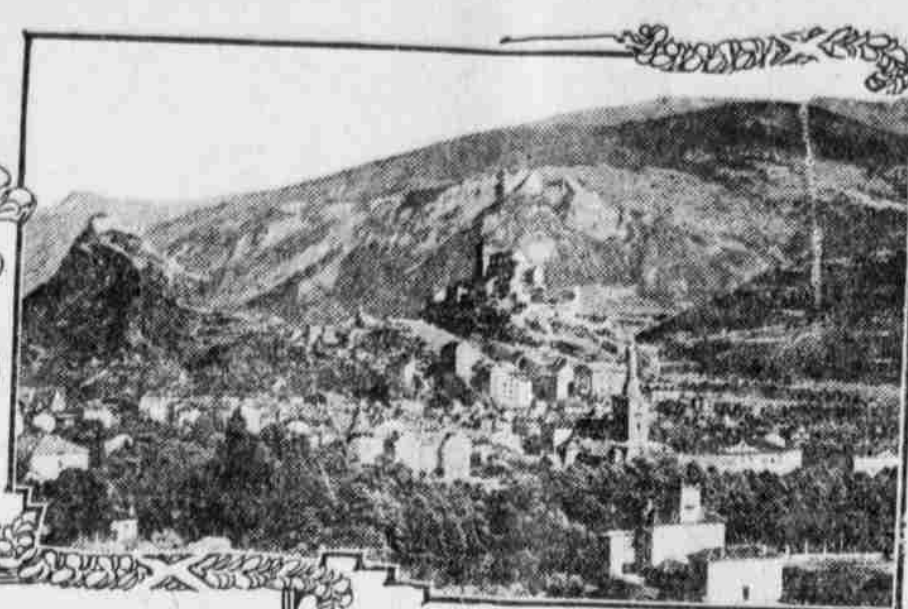
As we were somewhat puzzled by this paradoxical utterance, he hastened to explain that in the absence of guests (and I might add, cold storage facilities) there was nothing to do with the meat on hand but to allow the family to eat it. Judging from his attitude we could imagine the sort of chastened pleasure with which his household must have partaken of this feast which, while undoubtedly ministering to their carnal satisfaction, betokened their financial undoing.

From the pass we made a side excursion to little lake Toma—the source of the Rhone—on our way down to Andermatt, where we inspected, as much as is allowable to foreigners, the splendid fortifications which the Swiss promptly erected on the St. Gotthard pass when Italian imperialism threatened to rob them of their Italian-speaking cantons.

The Swiss army is one of the most remarkable of her institutions. It is the ideal toward which the common people of every European country, weighed down with taxes for huge standing armies, turn with longing and hope. The Swiss have a wonderful system of militia which saves millions of money to the taxpayers and years of freedom from military service to the soldiers. Practically all Swiss serve in the militia and reserves. The training thus received would be insufficient were it not preceded and supplemented by military training for boys in school, and rifle practice every year by virtually the entire male population.

In this highly original and economical way little Switzerland, with a population of less than three millions of people, actually has at her beck and call an army of 337,000 of the most martial soldiers in Europe, armed, equipped and ready to take the field at an hour's notice.

Leaving Andermatt we crossed the Furka pass into the Rhone valley and in the course of the summer we walked over a number of passes, the Albula, Brunig, Gemmi, Melden, Augstburg and



SNOW-TYPE OF TOWNS IN CANTON VALAIS

plated from a safe distance, but our mule had no idea of safe distance. His one thought seemed to be to leap the precipice, while the driver's frantic efforts to frustrate these suicidal and homicidal attempts were badly seconded by a pair of feeble and worn looking reins and a brake, which, at critical moments, refused to work, thus precipitating the carriage upon the already overwrought and almost hysterical mule.

Every time we rounded a corner we held our breath in terror, for turning corners in this vehicle was a painfully precarious performance. When the prancing mule had safely negotiated the turn the crisis was by no means past, since the carriage wheels were suffering from some internal disorder that made them slide and slip, wobble and pitch forward rather than roll, while the harness, being plect with ends of rope and bits of string, was in imminent danger of collapse.

About an hour after we had started, hearing the diligence with its six sure-footed horses coming up at full speed, we modestly directed the driver to turn aside, hoping the passengers would be enjoying the scenery too much to have any eyes for us.

But just as the diligence came abreast of our "equipage," the mule, having no taste for obscurity, lifted up his voice high above the noise of the waters and the startled tourists, turning with one accord to look back at us, passed speedily out of our sight in a gale of laughter.

By this time, suffering more from wounded pride than from blistered feet, we mechanically repeated the words of the hotel proprietor:

"A carriage is not much more expensive than the diligence and of course there are many advantages in having one's own private equipage."

The last days of summer were now gone, and, according to our original plan our pedestrian tour had come to an end. But when the time came to get into a stuffy train at Melringen and return to the smoke and bustle of civilization we decided that it was impossible to leave Switzerland without at least one snow mountain to our credit.

Accordingly, instead of securing railway tickets we engaged two guides and set off for the Ewigschnee, a mountain which is only 11,000 high, but which commands one of the finest panoramas in the high Alps and, in good weather, according to Baedeker, "presents little difficulty to adepts."

Unfortunately, however, by thus starting from a point only 2,000 feet above sea level, we gave ourselves a climb of 9,000 feet, which is over 2,000 feet more than from the Eggishorn hotel to the top of the Jungfrau.

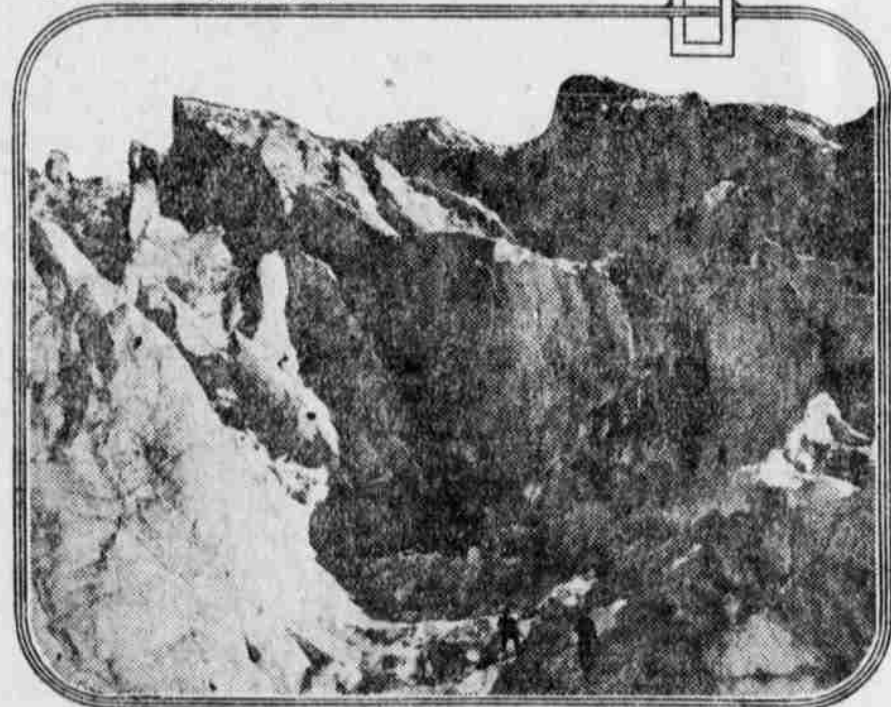
We slept that night on straw between huge woolen blankets in an Alpine hut built by the Swiss Alpine club for the free use of all passers-by. As we were drenched from walking all day in the rain and there was barely enough wood on hand to make tea and heat our canned soup, we were forced next morning at four o'clock to get into icy clothes.

There is nothing more dangerous on such trips as this than new-fallen snow, which conceals the crevasses yawning in the glacier beneath. We were all roped together and as the head guide sounded the snow with his ice axe at every step, our progress necessarily was slow and monotonous. But when the ice ax suddenly revealed that we were on the brink of a snow-covered crevasse which was a veritable death trap, we realized that our guide's precautions were neither perfunctory nor excessive. A few minutes later an avalanche, carrying tons of snow, ice and boulders, came tearing down about five yards to our right, but so stimulated were we by the altitude and the novelty of the situation that we felt no emotion save a sort of intoxication of ecstasy and awe.

In every direction, as far as the eye could reach, was a region of dazzling white—of lifeless, endless winter. We were tired and cold and hungry and wet, but our keenest and dominant sensation was one of exhilaration. A new aspect of nature had been opened to our view. Cold she was, and cruel, in this mood, but incomparably beautiful and pure. And when at last we turned our faces toward the familiar lower levels, it was with a feeling of exultation that this once, at least, it had been our privilege to tread these corridors of flowing ice, to hear the thunder of the avalanche, to gaze face to face upon the Jungfrau, the queen of the Bernese Alps, with her court of snowy giants and to enter, as it were, the very holy of holies of this mighty temple of nature to which pilgrims flock from the ends of the earth—a temple not built with hands, whiter than marble, as enduring as the world itself and reaching to the very heavens.



CAMPFER-ENGADINE



ICELESS, ENDLESS WINTER

Tete Noir, each with its own special variety of Alpine scenery. None of these, however, opened up a view that could compare in grandeur of form and mass and mysterious beauty of color and shade with that which stretched out before us as we reached the summit of the Furka and looked westward over miles of glaciers, intertwined with green valleys and surrounded on all sides by chain after chain of snow-covered, cloud-capped mountains in an ocean of sunset glory.

On our walking trips it was interesting to watch the faces of people who passed us in diligences, carriages or automobiles: some as we whirled by looked down upon us with plutocratic scorn, others with indifference or surprise, but those who realized what they were missing must have envied us as we strode along, inhaling great draughts of pure ozone, stopping to rest or read, or eat or sleep, whenever we wished, and always carrying with us the exultant sense of personal, physical triumph over this proud old Alpine world.

But we were by no means total abstainers from the pleasures of occasional drives, which, lent added zest to our tramps. One drive which we took over the Grimsel pass is indelibly impressed on my memory. Having blistered our feet on the trip to the Grimsel Hospice we limped ignominiously into the hostelry and requested the proprietor to send us some liniment.

Quick to take advantage of the situation, he inquired whether we would not like a carriage for the rest of the journey to Melringen.

"It is not much more expensive than the diligence," he explained, "and of course there are many advantages in having one's own private equipage."

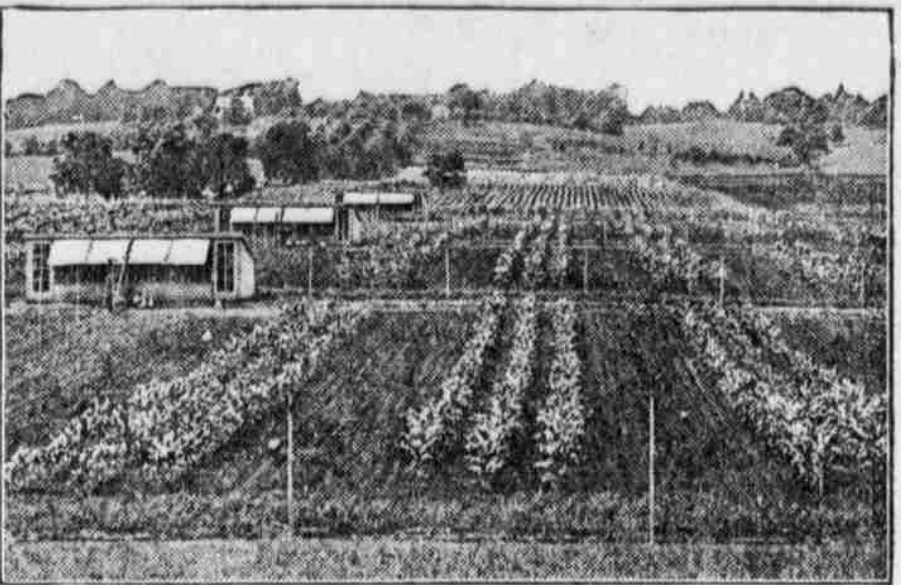
The picture he drew of us rolling along in luxury proved so attractive that we at once fell in with his suggestion.

When our turnout was announced we descended in state, preceded by the porter, the concierge, the proprietor and the head waiter, all of whom had lent their distinguished services in the matter of the carriage transaction and had been rewarded accordingly.

So great was our consternation on being told that a rickety victoria drawn by a braying mule was our much vaunted "equipage" and so ludicrous was the whole situation that we were too nonplussed to protest. Moreover, the mule was braying so vigorously that any remarks we might have made would have been hopelessly swallowed up in the noisy confusion of our exit.

Such a ride as that would be hard to duplicate at any price. The road twisted and writhed along the precipitous side of a deep gorge through which poured a mountain torrent. This gorge was sufficiently awe-inspiring even when contem-

WORK WITH THE SUMMER POULTRY FLOCK



Poultry Farm Showing Houses to Accommodate 25 Birds on Each Side, With Lots Set Out in Young Apple Trees and Corn Growing Between the Rows.

It does not require much hard work to keep a flock in good condition in the summer, but absolute neglect will often completely destroy the winter egg producing qualities of not only the old hens, but the pullets as well.

If you have not removed every window in the chicken house and substituted wire netting in order to provide perfect ventilation, do so now.

Better that the chicks roost in the trees than that they should be confined in a vermin ridden building.

Body lice will worry a flock to death, or so nearly so as to destroy its usefulness. These can be killed but not easily.

Persian insect powder will do the business. It should be applied with a powder given by one person while another holds the fowls by the legs so that the powder may reach every part of the skin through the disturbed feathers.

The youngsters should be examined frequently now for signs of the big head lice, because unless they are disposed of they will kill the chicks. The only thing necessary is to rub the heads and under parts very gently with a tiny bit of lard or some other kind of grease.

The red lice are even worse than

the big fellows and must be continually fought. They will quickly sap the vitality of a flock and so weaken it that it is practically useless.

The interior of the chicken house should be thoroughly sprayed over every square inch with kerosene into a gallon of which two tablespoonfuls of carbolic acid should be mixed.

If this job is thoroughly done and the outside heavily whitewashed and the work repeated before the flock has settled for the winter, no trouble is likely to result.

More harm results to flocks during the summer months than at any other time, owing to the neglect of their owners to keep the house and the bodies of the birds clean.

Let the fowls have as wide range as possible, but if they must be confined, give them plenty of shade and dig up the ground frequently.

Supply them with fresh leaves and grass, clean drinking water and the right kind of feed and your fowls will go into the winter months in good form.

This work must be done every day, not two or three times during the summer. You cannot hope for the best with fowls unless willing to give them necessary attention.

PROPER HENS FOR HATCHING

Select Those Which Have Proved Good Mothers and One Which Has Just Commenced to Sit.

(By ELIZABETH PUTNAM)
If hens are used for hatching, select where possible, those which have proved good mothers. As a rule this maternal ability will prove the same from year to year, and those which have deserted or broken eggs carelessly will in all probability prove unfaithful to the end. If a hen has already been broody for a week or two, she may grow tired before the eggs hatch. Choose preferably one that has just commenced to sit.

Fill the corners of her box with road dust or ashes. Lay in a heavy sheet of paper saturated with kerosene. Add more dust or ashes, and lastly straw sprinkled with insect powder. Give her the eggs at night. It is sometimes advisable to throw an old piece of carpet over the nest for a day or so until she is fully settled.

Keep food, grit, water and dust bath where she can have access to them daily, but watch that she does not leave her nest for more than half an hour at a time unless the weather is very warm.

The shipping of day-old chicks has come to be quite a business. As they need not feed for the first 48 hours this plan is feasible and those having no facilities for hatching and yet desiring well brood chicks are glad to avail themselves of the opportunity, the usual price being about ten cents each.

The average brooder will safely handle just about half the number of chicks for which it is claimed to be made. Crowding is almost certain to bring dire results. Be chary of the home-made brooder with lantern heat. There is danger of asphyxiation unless it is properly constructed.

Cull out the scrubs and unprofitable members of the flock. Breed up continually. Feed well and in variety. Supply grit and oyster shell, and remember that clean water is a necessity. Keep the fowls comfortable and free from vermin. And then if they are not profitable, do not rest satisfied until you have hunted out the reason—there surely is one.

Allow Free Range.
Both hen and chicks should be allowed free range after the chicks are a few days old, to pick up a large share of their living, but in addition it is a good plan to feed them at night and to give them all they will eat, as they will grow faster and will either be marketable at an earlier age or weigh more, and consequently bring more, at a given time.

Care of Water Vessels.
Fill the water fountains at least twice a day this hot weather. Scald them out frequently, for even fresh water leaves a stale scum on vessels at this season. A fresh piece of charcoal should be placed in the water vessel once a week all summer.

Poultry Essentials.
Feed plenty of clean, wholesome food and water, and provide plenty of clean dry nests in a clean poultry house.

HAWKS, CROWS AND SKUNKS

Three Most Dangerous Enemies of Chicken Fancier, But They Can Be Trapped or Frightened Away.

It is pretty safe to say that at least one-tenth of the chickens hatched are destroyed by some species of carnivore. I used to lose on an average 100 chicks a year by hawks until I got a dog and trained him, a writer in New York Sun says. After that I did not lose any, so as a cure for hawks I place a good dog first; second, a gun, and third, a steel trap fastened by a chain to a pole in the chicken yards.

Shoot one or two hawks and hang the carcasses on tall poles, and they are a warning against others. The hawk wants his meat alive, so you have some idea how to fight him; but the crow is not particular whether it is dead or alive. He takes it any way that comes handy and is more ingenious in his methods of getting it. It is generally a case of watching, with a shotgun handy, for Mr. Crow, as he is much too cunning to be caught in a trap.

The skunk can be caught with a trap, and if he has been in a chicken house and left undisturbed you can count on your game if you go to the trouble. Leave the house with chickens in it just as it was, but close up all entrances to it but right where you are going to set the trap. Then set the trap, securing it to a stout stake and covering with grass or hay. Mr. Skunk surely will come back and walk right into the trap unless your neighbor has caught him.

INFERTILE EGGS IN DEMAND

Absolutely No Necessity for Keeping Roosters With Hens After Breeding Season Is Over.

(By J. A. HELMREICH, Colorado Experiment Station.)

There is absolutely no reason for keeping the male birds with the laying hens after the breeding season is over. Some people seem to think that the rooster has to be with the hens in order to get eggs; this is not true. On the contrary, careful experiments have proven that a flock of laying hens will actually produce more eggs without the male birds running with them.

Infertile eggs are always in demand, for they will stand shipping, keep in hot weather and bring top prices on the market. It is also a mistaken idea that fertile eggs have to be in an incubator before the germ grows and develops. The growth will take place, no matter whether the eggs are in an incubator, in a hot country store, in a hot living room, in wagon en route to market over a hot country road, or exposed to heat in any other manner or place. Eggs are among the most perishable of all foods. A fertile egg kept in a warm room will become unfit for human food almost as quickly as milk, because of the germs developing, while an infertile egg will keep for two weeks under the same conditions which will cause a fertile egg to become unfit for human food in twenty-four hours.

Charcoal and Grit for Chicks.
Keep the charcoal and grit where chicks may have free access to it.